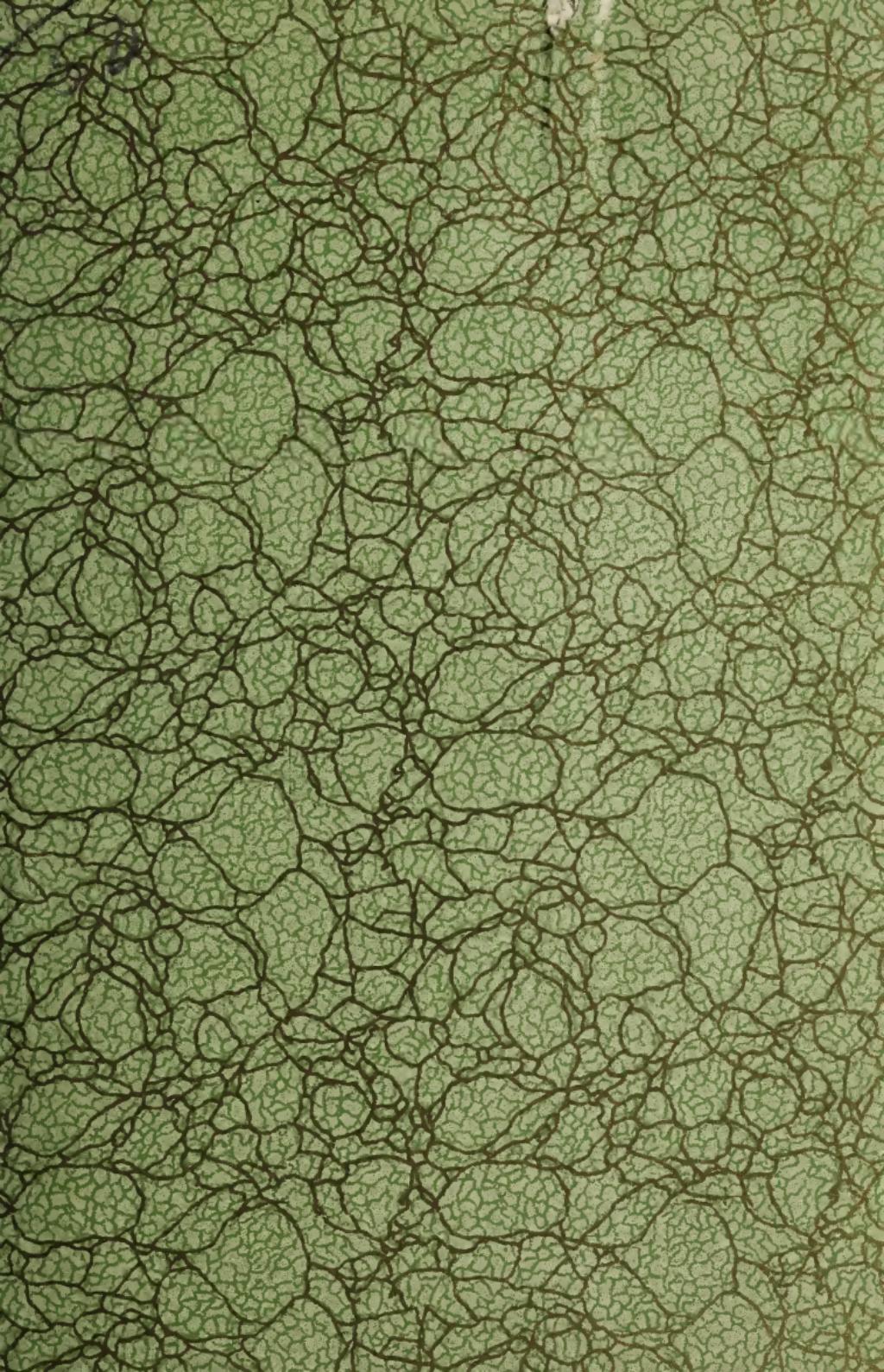


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THE MAID
OF THE
ALAMO

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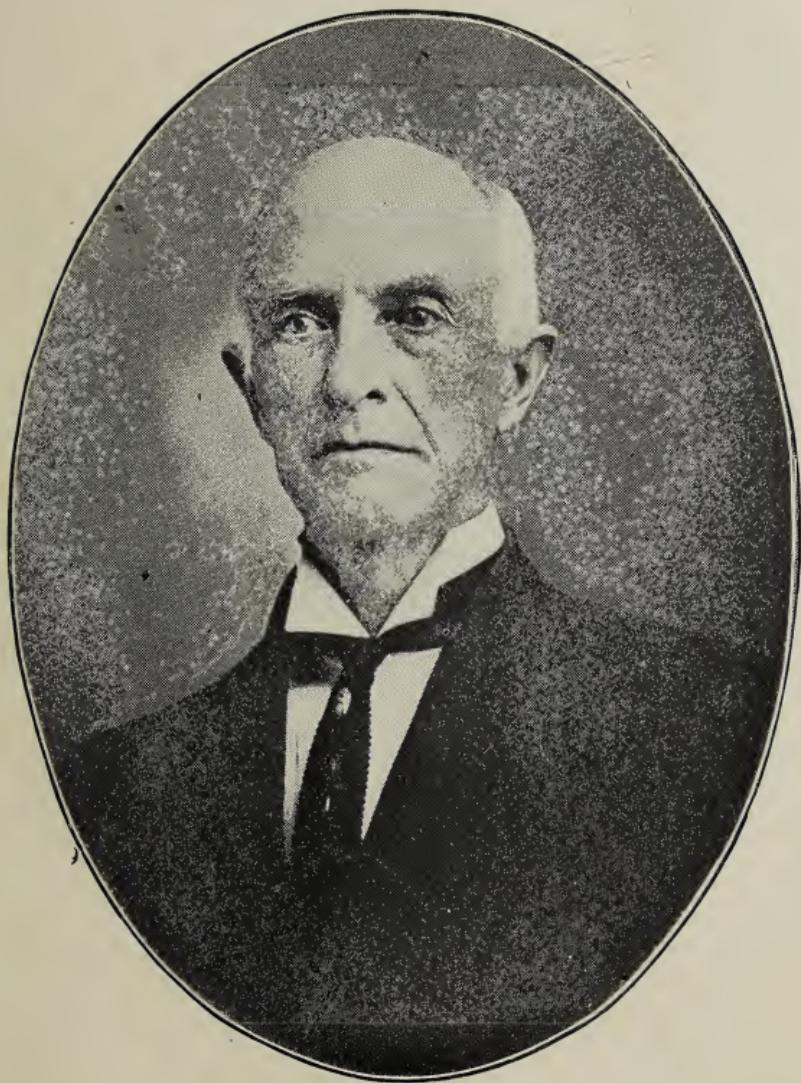
July 16.

Yours truly
M. S. Watts.



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MORTON S. WATTS

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The Maid of the Alamo,
or
The Incarnation of Chivalry

A STORY OF THE TEXAS REVOLUTION

BY

MORTON SIMMS WATTS

MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS

1913

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PROVO, UTAH

To my young friend, De.Course Allen,
whose generous devotion to his native
state—Texas—has made it possible to
publish these verses, this little volume
is most affectionately dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

Texas as a Nation.

A professional Critic in a Bureau Of Information, for Literary Workers, recently made this statement in reference to Texas, "Whilst the cry of the Alamo rang loudly at first in that part of the country, time has made it a matter of local history, just as certain incidents in Vermont and Kentucky, Kansas and California which were given tremendous emphasis, find no epic proportions in the histories of the whole country."

This is a candid statement, and the author means no reflection on Texas. Yet this statement is misleading, and the logical inference deduced therefrom is unjust. Whilst it is true that Texas as a State has no claim upon our National historian, that is not common to any, and every other state of the Union, yet Texas as a country has a history that is peculiar to herself and altogether dissimilar to that of every other state. It is the history of her national life.

There is some similarity between the relation of Texas to the Union and that of Massachusetts, and Vir-

TEXAS AS A NATION.

ginia; yet Texas has important historical features not possessed by either of these states.

When the United States and Texas were joined, they both stood on identically the same platform,—both independent sovereign nations. Whilst there were dissimilarities, the history of the two nations had much in common. Texas had about the same grounds of complaint against Mexico as the thirteen Colonies had against England. The Colonies declared their independence, organized an army, effected a revolution and gained their liberty. Texas declared her independence, organized an army, fought for and gained her freedom. At the time of union of the two nations Texas was in her infancy, about ten years of national life—and was passing through what the elder nation had experienced at the same period of her history—financial trouble. The wise administration of Hamilton had brought the United States safely through; the administration of Houston was rapidly accomplishing the same for Texas! Whilst the resources of the United States were at this time much greater than those of Texas, the territorial extent and material wealth of the two countries was very nearly the same. This statement includes of course the territory in New Mexico, Colorado, Okla-

TEXAS AS A NATION.

homa and Wyoming, then owned, and afterward sold to the United States. The comparison of the two countries is not instituted here in adulation of the one, or disparity of the other, but merely to bring clearly before the mind of the intelligent reader these facts with which every intelligent student of history wishes to be acquainted.

The object of this article is to remind the citizens of this great State, that back of her statehood Texas has a history rich in all the annals of a heroic and illustrious national life! We would remind them that this great inheritance was purchased by their fathers at the cost of muscle, blood and brain. No people on earth ever bequeathed to their heirs a richer legacy! However great the wealth of lands, rivers, lakes, and ocean harbors; her wealth of mines and forests, all, are nought in comparison with her legacy of great men and the memory of their heroic deeds. It is for this reason the history of her prestatehood should be sacred to Texas. Her citizens owe it to their ancestors, themselves and their children to preserve in imperishable form the annals of her illustrious past.

Why should Texas hesitate to manifest and declare a due appreciation of the incomparable struggles and

TEXAS AS A NATION.

triumphs of her fathers! Is there a suspicion of disloyalty to the present in cherishing a just pride in the past! On the contrary is not loyalty to the past the best assurance of loyalty to the future! If as a state Texas would be a worthy example of culture, intelligence and patriotic devotion, can she better exemplify those qualities than in being true to the ideals of her own beautiful national life! Are not the events of her past history as glorious as are to be found in the records of any nation!

Do not her heroes and statesmen compare with those that have lived in any age or country? Are there any names in historic or legendary lore that deserve to be written higher on the white-roll of Fame than the founders of Texas? It is certain that no well-informed Texan thinks so.

In Massachusetts they still sing of "The Sword Of Bunker Hill," and in Boston they still boast of their inimitable tea-party; but who sings of the Alamo and San Jacinto?

Should some Vandal-Horde invade the Old Dominion and propose to remove her mountains, drain her lakes and dry up her classic rivers, it might, we say it might be accomplished! But if that horde touched the

TEXAS AS A NATION.

tomb of Lee and Jackson, where they sleep at Lexington, or if they should seek to tear from her historic page the names of Washington, Jefferson or any of her illustrious sons which she has written there, then would there be again the roar of arms along the Potomac that would shake this continent; nor would that army cease firing until the Resurrection trumpet should awake these immortal heroes to stand in their own defense, and the honor of a country for which they stood ever ready to give their lives.

But has not Texas as much to cherish, honor, and defend! Or shall the Critics and Historians write it, her greatness vanished with the smoke of her revolution, and HER GLORY HAS DEPARTED!

Foreword

The author of this Story, during a period of ten years as a teacher in the schools of Texas, having been impressed with the beauty and charm of Texas History, and realizing the desultory order in arrangement of its events, has been induced to undertake the work of uniting the important incidents thereof in a story; thus stringing them in a harmonious whole that shall at once grasp the mind of the reader, and lead him through its mazes intensifying its interest continually and culminating in a conclusion that exalts the subject to the highest level that has been attained in the history of nations.

This story has been written in verse, that it may the more readily reach the minds of the people; and still more particularly the minds of children at that age when they are supposed to be students of history. The great events of history have for this reason been written in verse, else had many of them been lost and forgotten.

The mind of the child is ever looking sykward, for

FOREWORD

the heroic and supernatural. The realm of romance is its rightful inheritance. The Fairy world was created for its special pleasure. The Divine Teacher taught His great truths in stories; and the "Common People heard him gladly."

There is much of extravagant fiction that might well be eliminated from our schools, but when it may be used to season and elucidate the bare facts of history, it serves its great and true mission.

The romance of this story grows out of the history itself; it being generally known that some Mexican women survived the Alamo.

C. W. WILSON.

Introduction.

On March second, in eighteen thirty-six
On our Gulf was formed a nation;
'Long the Rio Grande did its founders fix
As its western termination.
This nation was formed amidst commotion,—
A volcano under ocean,
Spurting skyward boiling streams of water;
As a birth on field of slaughter,
So, was formed this western prairie daughter.
With Southern grace and beauty blessed,
She rushed into the social whirl
And became a bride whilst yet a girl.

*** *** *** ***

Most distinguished suiters had sought this bride,
Over the sea and on this side:

INTRODUCTION

Both England and France had lifted the cap,
And thrown their jewels in her lap:
But Uncle Sam, who was living near by
Kept on the maid, his own sharp eye!
Very silently he did his wooing,
That none see what he was doing!
For he knew that there might be prevention,
If mother knew of his intention;
But Mexico was watching night and day,
Lest he should steal her girl away;
And there could be no greater slam,
Than a run-a-way match with Uncle Sam!

When to her happy lover's home,
This beautiful bride, with her wealth had come,
Uncle Sam's secret was made known—
His bride's estate nearly equaled his own.

INTRODUCTION

But the wealth that she prizes most,
Is not the wide rich lands along her coast,
Nor blooming prairies, by sea-breezes fanned,
Nor ores and metals in her land;
But 'tis a history with annals replete
Of knightly sons, whose deeds compete
With the boastful claims of the nations old
Before knighthood's veins had grown cold.

*** *** ***

This heritage, to Texas sacred still,
She may preserve, if she but will!
From the parents' rich and generous hand,
The children can no less demand.
That secure, this heritage may be made,
Let this brief story lend its aid!
If to her annals she'd be true,
Then Texas will have much to do;

INTRODUCTION

Finer ideals hath no nation known;
Alamo heroes are her own;
San Jacinto is her own battle ground;
Where in history are worthier found?
If such Ideals her home walls adorn
Still greater sons may yet be born,
And through her own historic page
Texas, full soon will see her golden age.

The Maid of the Alamo
or
The Incarnation of Chivalry

I.

When Knighthood's ghost fled from the East,
Where Chivalry bled in claws of the beast,
This Spirit unbodied crossed the wide sea
And roamed the West unarmed and free;
Now weary of a roving life,
It spread like a mist 'long the line
Where the savage in strife,
With the progress of time,
Reached the rocks beyond the plains,
And made his fight for what remains,

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Matching strength 'gainst the white-man's brains.

On the Border warriors breathed
This spirit. Sire to son bequeathed
The inheritance of knightly pride,
Till heroes were found on either side,
Worthy the plumes their grand-sires wore
Fighting the Turk, and savage Moor.

Beside our lakes and mountain streams
Lived knights,—bold as the hero's dreams,
When hurling lance through whistling air
In castle of his lady fair.

But gallant chiefs, and warriors brave,
That slept in storm, and rode on wave
Of that wild tempest-driven sea;

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Were met by others, defiant!
Who, in their valor reliant,
Faced his foe as he faced the storm,
And on the frontier built his home.
Not only tribes of treacherous men,
But fiercest beast, in dismal den;
The padded panther, wolf and bear;
Seeking flocks, to the ranchman dear:
Such dangers did bravest souls breed;
And just such, did Border-life need.
Lads were trained the rope to throw,
Guns to aim at the treacherous foe,
The mountain climb, or cave explore;
Why should it be a wonder then
That here were raised heroic men?

These pioneers were college-bred,

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Books on their shelves, brains in their head—
Wise, to frame a constitution,
Brave, to lead a revolution:
Such were Bowie, Travis, Lamar
And Burnet; many such there are
Whose deeds favourably compare
With any in the halls of fame;
Peers of any the past might name.

When the Border had been reclaimed
And the fierce savage driven back,
The veil was drawn from wider plain,—
Laurels sought on a wider track;
Where deep rivers broad valleys drain;
On prairies, where the fleet deer run;
And Texas, basking in the Southern sun
Fans her cheek with the Gulf's cool wind,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

And says to the brave, "ALL COME IN!"
In far-off lands where heroes sleep,
And tyrants ceaseless vigils keep;
They wake to the bugle and drum,
Over the sea, from all lands come;

On her black soil they cotton raise,—
On her wide plains they cattle graze;
There are fish in her fountains
And metal in her mountains,
From her harbors heavy ships go,
In her forests tall timbers grow.

Spain discovered how rich the prize
That gleamed in the envious eyes
Of the nations that were seeking
Her plains and valleys to settle!
So Spain with resentment reeking

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Put on her finest mettle
This splendid heritage to gain
At any cost of coin or pain.

Her priests built missions and forts,
Wide-halled chapels, with high walled courts;
Her halls echo with bell and book,
Whilst guns in all directions look.
But Napoleon's troops in Spain are moving,
Inadequate her force proving
To defend her palace and courts
From French lords in cavalry boots!
Her Alhambra halls quake with fears
In presence of French Grenadiers.

Mexico sees Spain's confusion
And raises a revolution,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

The priest quarrels with the crown
And helps to put monarchy down.
Iturbide the Mexicans led,
And Spain soon from Mexico fled!
But Augustine a tyrant proved;
Thus another revolution,—
Now they framed a constitution!
At this time the Patriots led—
And over the sea Monarchy fled.

But restless tribes still roam the land,
With the colonist making strife;
Turbulent bands on the Rio Grande,
And homes are made at cost of life.
Now an independent nation
Mexico seeks colonization—
But only brave souls will come

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

'Mong such perils to build a home—
From Twenty-one to twenty-four
Was constant strife in Mexico;
In four years, government changed
Four times. Through the palace ranged
The Royalist or Patriot,
As the whim of the mob might be,
And wisest men conjectured not
What flag their eyes next day might see
Floating o'er the walls of history!

Yet Austin with three hundred came,
Seeking to build a home and name;
They on Colorado settle,
Then others of kindred mettle!
Later, De Leon's valiant troop,
They settle on the Guadalupe.

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Edwards, and the scholar Burnet,
And some whose names we now forget;
These were not seekers of pleasure,
They looked for trials in measure;
But the hardships with which they met
Much of the world has not learned yet.

Now came ill-timed expeditions,
With irresponsible leaders,
Ignorant of true conditions;
Reckless, revolution breeders
Kept the colonist vexed with strife
Whilst Indians robbed his home and wife.
Thus when the fight for freedom came,
And Texas did, liberty claim,
Such heroes as were never known
Since the days of Carthage and Rome

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

On the altar placed their lives,
And gave their blood for sacrifice.

This liberty-loving spirit
Which the children did inherit,
Kindled the knightly devotion,
Which led sires across the ocean,
And taught them how for right to live
And for the right, their lives to give.

*** *** ***

Now, the mighty struggle is on,
When freedom must be lost or won;
San Antonio the storm centre,
Rival foes seeking to enter:
Houston bears the Texan banner,
The Mexican, Santa Anna.
Storming the city Milam fell,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Yet the issue no one can tell:
The Texan army of brave bands
Scatter now o'er the border lands
In search of more Mexican foes,
Whilst Santa Anna's army close
Around the ill-fated city;
And neither quarter nor pity
Is now the Tyrant's boastful brag,
As proclaimed by his crimson flag.

W. B. Travis the town must hold
With only his twelve dozen men;
The story has often been told
Of the Alamo, yet again,—
For its lessons are not learned yet—
Let it repeated be, once more!
“Lest we forget, lest we forget!”

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

We love to think of this great four,
Crocket, Bowie, Bonham, with him
Whom we have named before,
And yet their glory should not dim
The lustre of those whom we love—
Whose names are on the books above.

The facts you from a school-boy learn
'Tis not important to repeat,
Nor is it matter of concern
Uncertain victory or defeat!
Tis of causes small and obscure
Where boastful leaders feel secure,
And thus great battles they have lost!
Perhaps an empire was the cost.
Sometimes influences occult

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Do unaccountably result!
Thus it was at the Alamo;
What influenced Travis far more
Than anything we now know,
Putting the purpose in his mind
To draw that mysterious line
Which honor's border doth define,
And fixing a standard for fame
On which Texans may write their name,
Or that of their heroic songs
Beside our Lees or Washingtons!

In the coming millenium
Of our nation growing fast,
When from all countries come
Worthy heroes of the past,
Then Texas shall a list unroll

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

That will by far eclipse the whole,
And stamp on history's fairest page—
Her Revolution, 'The Heroic Age!'

*** *** ***

In other ages, men as brave
Fought, their homes and wealth to save!
Heroes, envied of the gods,
Matched their valor 'gainst all odds!
Empires built and kingdoms won
Where allies failed and Fate did frown!

But here liberty was the stake,
Few for many the chain must break.
In the past Knighthood was a flower,
Its fragrance lasting but an hour,
Here Knighthood bore her ripened fruit,
On Southern soil from blood-soaked root.

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

But Texas claims no undue praise,
No boastful banner would she raise;
Though these men did die on Texas soil,
And gave for her their blood and toil,
They from one common country came!
America's wreaths crown their fame.

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

II.

'THE SCOUT.

On February second, the guard
Sees an Indian enter the yard;
Halting him in the outer court,
The guard quickly makes report
To Colonel Travis in his tent;
The trembling form is stooped and bent
And the voice weak with fears;
The shakey step tells of toiling years:
When Travis to him spoke
His frame from weakness shook;

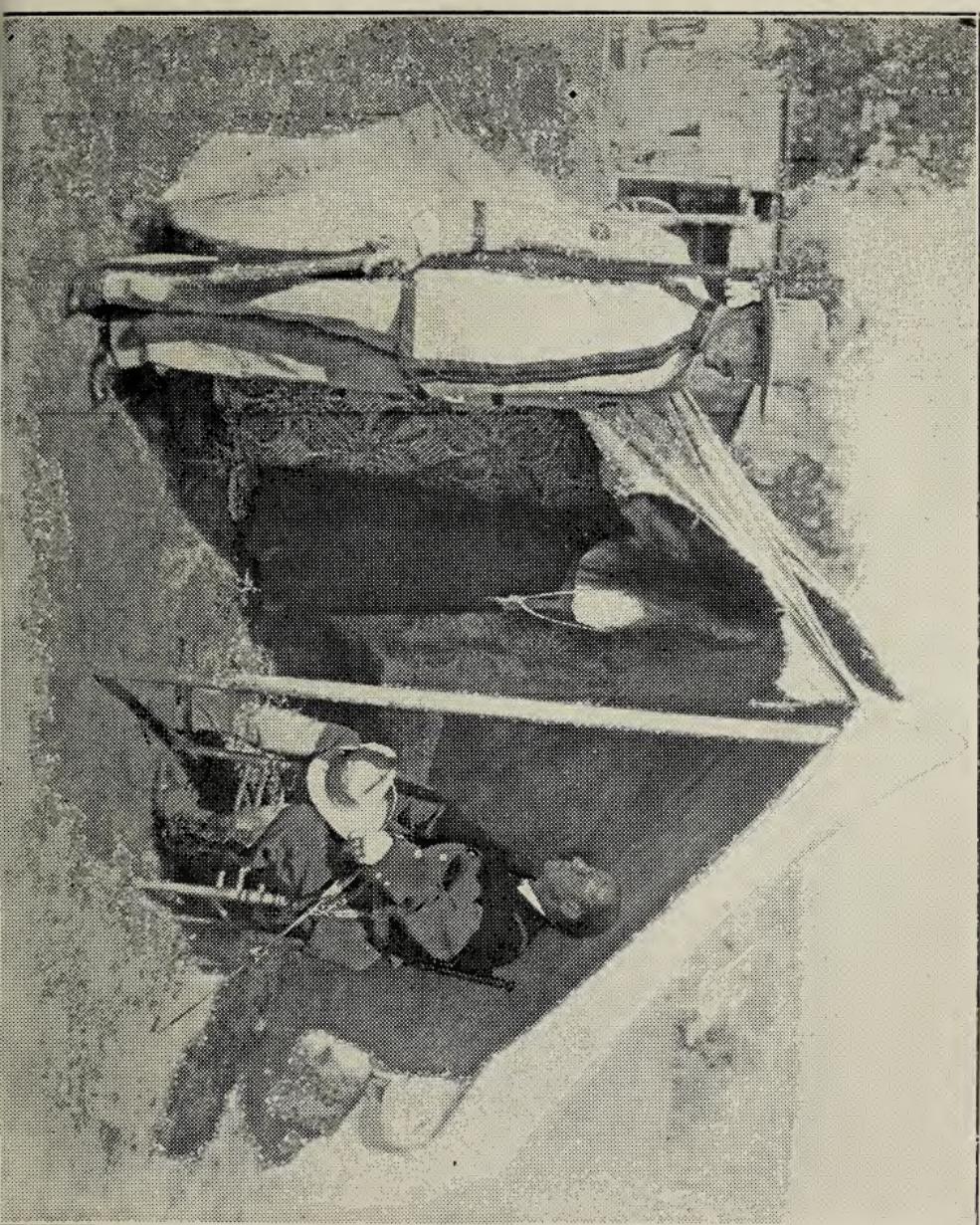
"Comanche chief send scout!" he said,
"To trade white man for beef and bread,"

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

"Would see Big-Chief in tent alone!
"Let guard stay out till scout be gone!"

When they've entered the tent together
The guard, with a loop of leather
Binds the flapping folds,—
But near the door his musket holds!
Travis throws a robe on the floor
And bids him rest ere talking more.

But the old scout now fearless stood,
Threw off his cloak and feathered hood,—
Whilst heavy folds of auburn hair
Floated out on the evening air;
A jersey waist of new white wool
A broadcloth skirt of Spanish blue,
Enrapt a form erect and full,



THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

With dainty foot in shining shoe;
Pearl-handled dagger, in jeweled case,
With a golden clasp held in place:
Round her throat a necklace of pearls
Like Spanish nobles give their girls.

Now looking straight in Travis' face,
Said she, "You think me out of place
In this most strange disguise,
But look you at my hair and eyes!
Of your blood and nation,
I claim equal birth and station."

*** *** ***

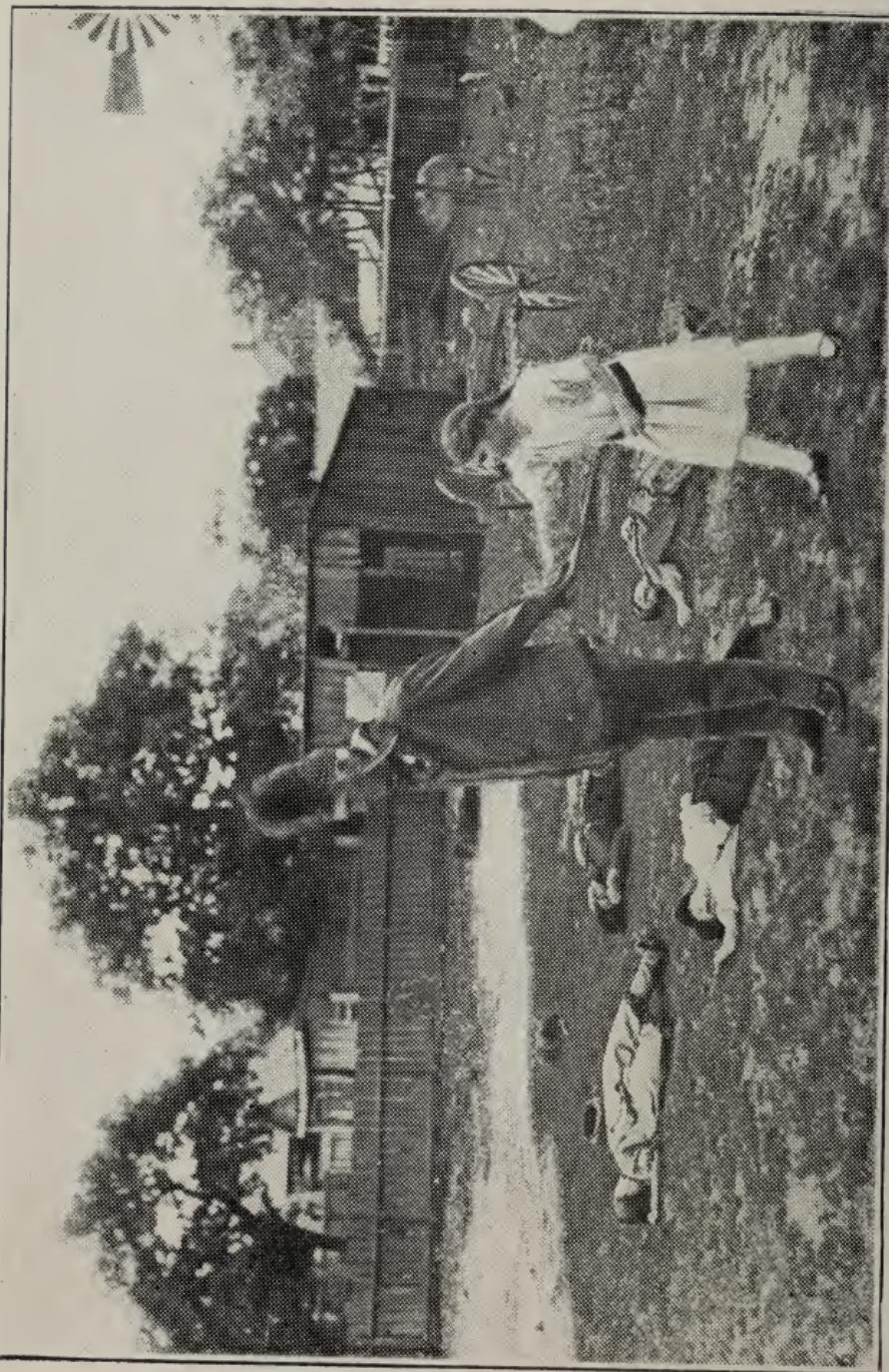
"My parents from Georgia came,
Guadalupe the river's name
On which we built our home
When first to Texas we had come."

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OF

For some years we did well;
Had cattle and good crops to sell--
But the Comanches, offended,
Their treaty soon ended
Which they with DeLeon had made;
On us the blame was laid."

"And thus to our home came one day
Sudden attack and bloody fray,
A marauding Indian party,—
Numbering about forty,
Two days, father made resistance,
With some neighborhood assistance;

Our men at last they overcome,
My parents killed and burned our home—
Brother, two years younger than I,



"TO THEIR CAMP I WAS LED"

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Was shot when attempting to fly;
Then scalped, supposed to be dead;
To their camp I was led
And with them lived for many days,
Learning their language and their ways;
They taught me how to sing and dance,
Shoot an arrow and throw a lance;
Of fakes and charms I much did learn,
Fortunes and fates I could discern.

One day to a town I was taken
And traded off for bread and bacon:
It was a Spaniard who bought me,
And his wife the Spanish taught me.
They had property in Madrid,
And as most Spanish merchants did,
Went back and forth from Spain.

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

“With no hope of return again
I went over with them one spring;
I had now left everything
I loved, in this unhappy land,
At fourteen, I couldn’t understand
How dear my country was to me,
Nor her struggle for liberty!”

“Previously well taught, I went
Four years to a Catholic convent;
Rapidly through the grades I passed,
Graduating first in my class.
Of my success he having learned,
My foster father now returned
To witness my honors conferred;
And with much pride my praises heard.
Now, of court life I took a part,
And the first season lost my heart:

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

I met my fate with a Spanish lord,
Commanding then the Royal Guard;
In six months the noble fellow
Lost his life in a duello.
My health declining under grief;
Father thought I might find relief
In Texas. And now, here once more,
Safe returned, from a foreign shore,
Rejoicing; I before you stand
To help redeem my native land.
Since I could do no better thing,
News, from the front, I came to bring."

"It is now just one year ago
In the City of Mexico,
A gay, dashing trooper I met,—
His name, I will not give you yet;—

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

A mutual attraction I suppose,—
Cordial relations soon arose;
Yesterday morn at early dawn
He left Santa Anna's command
Near the border of our land,
And riding hard did pass your guard
Just at night, and the evening spent
In my home; today, he early went
To join his waiting troop again:
And will report how weak your fort,
And the small number of your men
It it better for both no doubt
You now dismiss your Indian scout.
Colonel Travis! I wish you well!
Until I have more news to tell.”

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

As Travis grasped the outstretched hand,
A subtile power, through him, ran;
Such power, as make men die brave
When standing o'er an open grave.

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

III.

THE APPEAL.

That night Travis wrote his appeal,
Declaring, that through woe or weal
He'd defend with his life the fort.
Why his call did bring no support
Is not, I suppose fully known;
'Tis not, at least in history shown:
And yet it is said, on that day
There were in camp not far away
Three hundred well equipped men!
The excuse that was given then
Was, no teams the cannon to move.—
Some effort did a failure prove.

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Ah then! for a George Rogers Clark!
He, leaving his cannon in park,
Through deep snows and swamps led his men,
Where the tramp of troops had not been;
And the strong forts in winter takes
Which the British had built on our lakes!
And thus were given of richest land
Five great states to Uncle Sam.

At this late day we will not try
To explain, or conjecture why
These brave men were left to die,
For the time we know was not far,
When at High Heaven's justice bar
Both were called their account to give
And each his just award receive;
So back again we now will go

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

To knightly deeds at Alamo.

Seven days has the siege gone on;
March the first, when the sun went down
Thirty-two braves from Gonzales
Came. Those present, added to these
Make one hundred and eighty-two;
On March the third, well Travis knew
The last act in the play was near.

That afternoon his foes withdrew,
A council to hold in the rear
Of the army; in the respite lent
Travis retired to his tent:
Just an hour the hero had slept,
When to his door the sentinel crept
And said, "That scout is at the gate!"

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Not a moment did Travis wait,—
“Admit him at once!” said he,
“Then leave him alone with me!”

And now the tent, again is closed,
The Indian mask again laid by;
Though rich jewels her rank disclosed,
A deep compassion marked her eye;
Said she, “Sir! your honor is great,
“Brave souls will envy you your fate,
“For you are to redeem your state
“From the ignoble tyrant’s chains;
“To free these vast and fertile plains
“The rich blood of all those who stay
“In the fortress the price must pay!
“You can now let all cowards go!
“Tell me Travis! what will you do?”

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

The noble Travis stood up straight,
His handsome form at its full height—
And grasping firm his half-drawn sword,
He proudly spoke,—with measured word.
"Though every sword in Mexico,
Should fiercely run my body through—
I swear it by my good sword's hilt—
Though all my blood may thus be spilt,
As drop by drop from every vein
This mortal life my foe doth drain,
I'll throw my corpse among the slain,
That thus each soul that here doth fall
Will help to build a sacred wall
That will secure our liberty!"

Then the woman with queenly grace,
Now looking square in Travis' face,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Said, "Mercenary souls will say
It was too great a price to pay;
What know they of a hero's life?
Who finds true glory in the strife
Where knightly deeds challenge his strength,
And sword meets sword of equal length?"
Now, to this, add the love of right"—
Conscious of justice in the fight;
And knowing that those whom you kill
Deserve the deadly blows you deal;—
To feel that all the rights of man
Are lodged within your own right hand!
Then for those who glory love,
Think of the cloud pageant above!
Thick as the stars, the poets say,
Are spirits who our deeds survey,
Heroic minds can feel them near,

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

An inspiration dispelling fear!
'Tis not carnal wounds brave men feel,
They do not dread the foeman's steel,
But dishonor on him doth tell,
And disgrace makes the hottest hell.

But now 'tis time to say goodbye!
Tonight, one, maybe both will die,
I'll spend the night by Bowie's side—
As nurse, I will not be denied.
Some time we'll meet again no doubt
Where you'll not need your Indian scout."

"When immortal you stand on heights
Where heroes are crowned as Freedom's knights,
Then looking on the fairest land
Ever tilled by the human hand,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

It will be your crown to know
'Twas purchased at the Alamo!"

"So Travis! when deep blod shall flow
O'er this court and old church floor,
Just think you pour the libation
On the altar of a nation
Redeemed, by the consecration
Of those who die for her liberty!"
"The final scene this may not be,
Other battles we yet may see,
But men will invincible grow
When they remember the Alamo!"

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

IV.

THE ALAMO.

"It is best now your men to call,
And learn if there's among them all
One, who is not ready to fall
Writing his name on Fame's white roll!"
Now whilst Travis reviews his men,
And draws the line where hope must end,
Let us leave his camp as far as we dare
And view the troops who now prepare,—
Tomorrow at the dawn of light—
For Mexico to make their fight!
Men are busy preparing loads,—
With powder filling their horns and gourds.

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Some, whetting their knives or grinding sabres,
Building ladders and such labors—
In the temple priests are saying prayers,—
Seeking for grace to carry their cares!
Late in the night altar fires burn,—
Will of the saints seeking to learn
Whilst the darkened sky hovers low,
O'er the doomed host of Alamo!

In previous attacks repulsed, dismayed,
The hostile Chief brings to his aid
All of his great force; and every man
Who in ranks is able to stand!
A long line of troopers in rear
To shoot down those who flee, from fear.
Now the blast of bugles and roar of drums!
As a herd of buffalo comes

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Down to the stream at twilight for water!
So the ranks rush to the slaughter!
Infantry at double-quick time,
With cavalry close up behind!
Like a bull's ominous bellow
Sounds the Spanish daguello;
With defiance in their faces
Stand the Texans in their places!
Four high walls inclose the square,
On each wall are cannon mounted;
Bolted and barred the gates all are,
For each gun the shells are counted!
Two acres cover the inclosure,—
Thus protected from exposure.

Now cannon on the night winds roar,
And bullets rattle like a rain's down-pour!

THE INCARNATION OF CHINA

In answer to the rifle balls,
The guns roar from the walls!
Mexicans by carnage appalled
Back upon the cavalry fall!
As the fire of shells relaxes
Men rush in with bars and axes!
The men on the walls stoop down lower,
The ladders to hurl from gates and door;
Where heavy shot the wall doth shock
They prize, with bars apart, the rock!
Sharp axes chop the door frames down,
And heavy stones are strewn around!
From the walls volleys pour,
Like sea-waves on a rock-bound shore!
Near each ladder the Mexicans gather,
As stag hounds round their prey!
Texans sundered from each other,

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

As wolves, keep the hounds at bay:
Their foes are falling by the score,
As some go down there climb up more—
As broken dikes their waters pour
Over an inundated shore.

Though men grow weary with slaying,
Yet the tide there is no staying!
And the numberless host
That the merciless Mexicans boast,
Though they by hundreds fall!
Soon crowd, like sheep, over the wall!
Four thousand foes within the walls,
Nine-score men to make resistance,
For every single foe that falls
Nineteen come to his assistance!
Less and less grew the little band,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Whilst deeper the red current ran—
And God in Heaven only knew
If, since this wicked world began
There had ever been such slaughter!
And yet despite their wounds and woes,
No cry ever came for quarter!
Only a few now are standing,
But that host more blood demanding:
As a score of hawks might,
A captive Eagle fight,
So by the light of dawning day
These hungry hawks search, for their prey!

Great Travis stands with bloody sword
Where the high wall is lowered;
Far from their chief all of his men,
He's fighting alone—one to ten!

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

By such odds this knight surrounded,
Each foeman with a two-edged knife—
In back and front deeply wounded,
They take at last his precious life.

Near the door, so the guide doth tell—
Crocket, the great bear-fighter fell!
T'was plain, a giant here had fought,
By the carnage around him wrought.

Bowie was left wounded and sick,
His body was found where the dead lie thick!
Young Bonham made a gallant fight!
So young, so handsome he!
The shaft that his brave heart did smite,
Made a wound the slayer did not see!
But a heaven-bound prayer did start
From the cleft of a maiden heart,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

And so swift did the message go,
That retribution, sometimes slow,
Heaven's swift vengeance brought,
For bloody deeds that here were wrought.

Of this siege, meager are the facts,
Only a few personal acts
Does history clearly 'show,
Yet the the one thing that all the world doth know,
Is,—from each pulsing vein
Of those brave heroes slain,
Every drop of the rich red blood was drained
And the nine score, plus four—
In carnage blood and gore,
The cost of freedom paid at Alamo.

*** *** ***

And yet within, those ghastly walls,

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Those blood-bathed courts and halls,
Through that long and ghostly night
Something lived and saw the light;
That something incarnate became
And Santa Anna met again.

When the darkness at last is spent,
And the dawn to earth is sent,
A woman walks alone in the court,
In a pool of blood slips her foot;
Falling on her hands and knees
An unsheathed sword she near her sees;
Quick, within her shawl she folds it,
And, a priceless prize she holds it.

As over the court morning steals,
Travis' face the light reveals,
His fine features, now calm and fair



"THEN FROM HIS BROW THE LOCK SHE CLIPPED"

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Are shaded by a lock of hair,
Still wet and warm with his rich blood;
A long knife she drew from her belt,
Its keen edge with her thumb she felt—
As by his side she meekly knelt,

Then from his brow the lock she clipt,
And in her vest the token slipt.
Now to the church with noiseless tread,
Picking her way among the dead,
Till she finds the desolate spot
Where empty and broken is Bowie's cot.
 Binding a kerchief about her chin
To hide the place where a bullet had been,
She lifts to heaven tearful eyes
And thus to God in anguish cries.
 “Jehovah! hear the vow I make,

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO. OR

"Henceforth to live for freedom's sake;
For Texas now I vow to fight,
In martyr's blood this vow I write."

The burial scenes and funeral pyre
We pass for banks of Buffalo Bayou,
Where Sam Houston will make his fight
And confirm his contested right.

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

V.

SAM HOUSTON

How great Sam Houston really was,
Perhaps no person ever knew,—
He never espoused any cause,
But to that cause, was ever true.
According to Amelia Barr,—
Was greatest man in this nation!
He always filled in peace or war
The full demand of each station.

He was the Commander-in-Chief,
And was seeking to give relief
To Travis in the Alamo,
Besieged by troops of Mexico.

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

With the news of its tragic fall
There is great consternation, all,
Refuge from peril are seeking:
Of Santa-Anna all are speaking,
And the terror of his name
Is as a giant forest flame.

Some families fly to Fannin,
Who at Goliad is planning
His ill-timed Mexican raid,
Whilst Travis' troops have perished,
Perished! for lack of Fannin's aid.
What valiant hope he cherished,
May never on this earth be known,
His purpose, above will be shown.

So thus it is at Goliad,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

The facts are all obscure,
Jéalous leaders their quarrels had
And Santa Anna feels secure.
In the battle of Collito,
Urrea had not much to do;
For here did folly join with Fate,
This little army to erase,
From the Texas army slate.

Perhaps it would be out of place
Here, their sad annals to relate,
There's no pleasure in this period,
No knightly deeds are here,
Unlike the ancient Iliad,
The field is desolate and drear.

Santa Anna, himself, feels sure,

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

His work is complete, safe, secure,
From the Gulf to the Northern Lakes
His wide-rolling empire takes
The best of American soil—
A gracious tribute to his toil.
Now, enraged that any stand
To resist his uplifted hand,
He starts his armies o'er the plain
With orders that all shall be slain
That are disloyal to his reign.

The wicked order is heeded,
And the people, all stampeded
Are flying helter and skelter
Like flocks of birds seeking shelter
From the fast coming winter storm:
Above the storm is Houston's form;
Quickly he hears the wailing call,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY

And his great heart opens to all.
With a divine compassion
He divides his light ration
Whilst his wagons the helpless haul.

As the streams and forests were crossed
Some children, it is said were lost.—
But Moses like the host he led,
Finding shelter and giving bread;
He'll not return the foeman's fire
Till these are safe beyond the bayou.

Now to Napoleon-Of-The-West,
High Heaven repeats her protest,—
"That which we sow that reap we must,"
True of the false as of the just,
Napoleon had his Waterloo,
Santa Anna, San Jacinto.

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

VI

ALICE BALL

From Gonzales is Houston retreating,
His thin ranks daily depleting;
Disregarding all threats and bravado,
He goes down the Colorado;
Though often insulted and abused,
His wise plan he still pursued,
Until he catches Old Santa napping
Then this rival snugly trapping
He promptly bags this illustrious foe
And buys a truce with Mexico.

*** *** ***

It is night at San Philipe'
The Texan troops are tired and sleepy,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Restless in bed Houston tosses
Sad, and weary with counting his losses,
When the sentry's voice, "Who comes there!"
Echoes on the evening air.
"One who has lost her direction
And would beg the Great Chief for protection!
And old squaw with baskets to sell,
And she wishes to know if you can tell
Her how the Brazos trail to find!"

Though sorely distressed in body and mind,
Houston himself the trail will show,
But squaw must rest before they go.
And now he brings some beef and bread,
That the tired squaw may be rested and fed;
Of the little he has he gives the best,
Her meal finished he takes the rest

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

And places it in her empty basket—
Though the squaw disdains to ask it!

But now, "Old Squaw with the Big Chief must talk,
And then Squaw be ready to walk."

*** *** ***

Now from her form is the blanket taken,
And down her back the tresses shaken,
White, shapely arms, with pearls around her throat
Her rich estate and rank denote;
Standing erect, features fair figure tall,
She said, "You now see Alice Ball!"
"Of Bowie's nurse you've heard no doubt
"She from the Alamo came out.
Of my past, it is best you something know;
My parents were murdered years ago;
I by the savage was taken and sold,
No more of my history need now be told."

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

From the blanket a sword she drew,
And asked if the sword he knew!
"I read on its hilt Travis' name,
"And when I saw him last he wore the same,
"But tell me how I see it here!"

"That story, My Chief, I wish you to hear!"
That sword is from the gory field
"Where heroes, to honor their lives did yield,
And from thence is this lock of hair,
"Which that immortal leader then did wear;
I took it from his manly brow
"Whilst still wet and warm with his blood,
And by this token, there did vow—
"On the hallowed spot where then I stood,
That in my course I would not pause,
"Till I had avenged the righteous cause

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

For which these martyrs here had bled,
"Or my own blood, as theirs, I'd shed."

Then Houston arose in great rage,
Exclaiming! "I shall the battle engage
And drive this false and murderous foe
Outside our distressed and bleeding land,
And no Mexican flag shall wave
On this side of the Rio Grande!"
"My noble Chief! your words indeed are brave,
But thus you'd lose all of your toil,
And the foe we would have still on our soil!
But if you would victory win
It will not be by force, but stratagem,
Santa Anna feeling each day
More secure, soon, will disregard the way
In which his reckless troops will tread,--

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Thus into ambush they may soon be led,
Your time for battle then will come,
And your great work, perfect will be when done:
Retreat will be true wisdom now—
Whatever your critics may do or vow!"
And I must now go on my way."

Said he, "One moment more I pray you stay!
One, Randolph Ball is of my troop,
He was reared, I learn, on the Guadalupe,
By Indians were his parents slain
And he was left for dead, out on the plain;
In Victoria he found friends,—
But here my knowledge of him ends."

Said she, "I am his sister! and would send
This sword, with my earnest prayers
That he honor the noble name it bears!"

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

“This lock of hair another will wear
On the day Texas is made free.”

And now another week has past
And Santa Anna thinks, at last
Has come his hoped for day,
On the right is Buffalo Bayou
And behind is Galveston Bay,
So, all is as he would desire.

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

VII

THE MEXICAN CAMP

The Mexican camp is rich in supplies
Of all that pleases palate or passions,
Visions of beauty greet their eyes,
With the most abundant rations.

Troops, rich with booty and plunder;
Gaudy women with comic shows,
Dissipation each day grows,
For gambling and drink the money goes
Whilst magicians make you wonder
If 'tis false or real thunder.

There never was a camp more gay
Or its exultation higher
Than on this twentieth April day
By the banks of Vince's Bayou.

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Breezes blowing fresh and airy
'Mong the flowers of the prairie;
Birds are singing songs of praises
In the meadows sweet with daisies;
Fragrant lilies the waves inspire
Rolling o'er lake Anna Maria.

The festive season of the year
When heaven to earth seems so near;
When Spring's bright robes seem fresh and new
When sky and sea are darker blue,
And the bayou banks feel the brush
Of holy Heaven's twilight hush.

On the bay there is no motion
As a ship sails to the ocean;
Alas! for ships on silent bay

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

That soon must reach a stormy sea!

Alas! for souls secure today,

Tomorrow in eternity!

Santa Anna's foes in a trap,

Texas must soon go from the map.

The conquering camp hilarious,

With entertainments various;

In some tents are cards and dice,

With some, are other kinds of vice;

Many are drinking wine and beer

All are merry, far off is fear.

In a farm house near by

Sleeps Napoleon-of-the-West,

No disorder or rude out-cry

Must disturb the General's rest;

But his staff, by their Chieftain

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Are invited to tea, and then
Tomorrow they ready must be
For the battle; but tonight, he
Will have a little diversion,
Amusement, with no exertion.

A little troupe passing today,
Is asked to stop and give their play;
Anxious are all the play to see,—
'Tis only some sleight-of-hand tricks,
With magic and comical arts.
To be interspersed with music
And dancing in some of its parts.
So a merry night these troops had,
And Santa Anna still is glad;
And now it is late in the eve,
When the guests are taking their leave—

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Toasting their host, and drinking wine;
One of the company calls to mind
An ugly crone, who could divine,—
Tell how Fates their gifts dispose.

Whilst she prepares they dance again,—
The dances round and dances plain,
An old negro on a banjo
Plays the Spanish Fandango,
The Bread-Tray and Pigeon-wing,
Double shuffle and High-land Fling,
Leadup-fours, and gents to the right!
Now balance all and tip-toe light.”

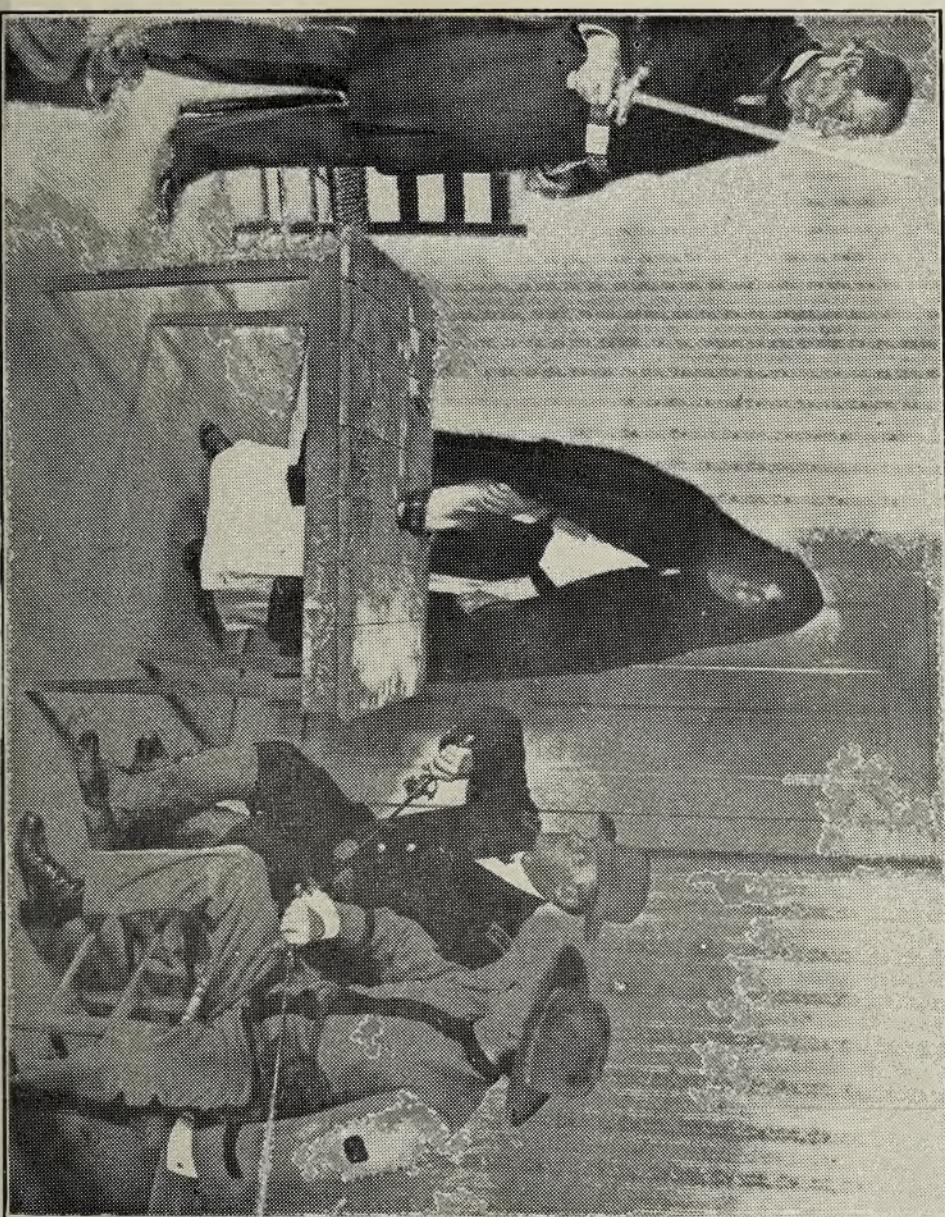
All now ready, the troupe comes in;
A few jokes, a pantomime scene;
Now, silence! and the crone begins.

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

First she stands, all stooped and old,
And drew from a bag a silver bowl;
On a table the bowl is placed,
Then herself the audience faced.

Some liquid from the bowl is poured;
A sulphur match from an old guord
Is struck, and a quick explosion
Is followed by great commotion,
And backward fall the dazed crowd;
At once the room is filled with smoke;
Suddenly, as from lightning stroke—
The woman falls—into the arms of a man.
There's a rush for the door! but, "Wait!"
Cries he, "'Tis thus she readeth fate!"

Now opening wide her glaring eyes,



THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Looking as into far off skies,
Unlike all on earth that's human
Sounds the ranting of this woman.
"I see an army on a plain,
It rises, then goes down again,
Behind weak walls they seem to stand,
"With gun and knife is armed each man;
On the wall gay flags are floating,
Different troops each flag denoting;—

Across the plain another line,
And bright their polished armors shine;
There's no sound of bugle or drum
To tell from whence this troop has come;
In a vale are the thin ranks formed,
"From heel to crown is each man armed."
In the leader's hand I see

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Not one long sword, but three,—
On his pennon is this device,
“ ‘A just cause, is to be armed thrice.’ ”

“Another division this pennon bears,
On a heart encircled with stars
There is written in blue and gold
The truth that Lord Tennyson told,
‘His strength is as the strength of ten
Whose heart is pure!’ And it seems then
There is yet another troop more—
Or one reversed, we’ve seen before!
Their back is to the fierce-browed foe,
Their arms down-hanging by their sides,
Their limbs are trembling in their strides,
Whilst on their banner torn and small,
Is, ‘Conscience makes us cowards all!’ ”

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Hastily rose Santa Anna,
And in a threatening manner
Demanded, 'Whose the troops you see?
That thus from the field do flee!'
"My Gracious Sir! thy servant spare!"
"Tis not given me to declare
Whose troops these cowards are!"
"But 'tis their leader now I see,
By a ditch deep and wide is he,
His flaming stars are laid aside
And in the ditch he seeks to hide!"

The new Napoleon angry grew,
And from its sheath his sword he drew,
Swearing, he'd cut this crone in two!
But to strike he did not dare,—
For some eyes he saw flashing there!

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

In the group that formed that troupe—
As the reader has guessed no doubt,
Is Sam Houston's favourite scout.
Now turned he deadly pale,—
As guilty souls are apt to do!
For in his heart he now well knew,
That on the morrow he should fail.

But growing bold the crone went on,
As if his wrath she now did scorn!
“And now I see some frightened men,
On their knees for mercy pleading,
And to the bayous, bogs and glens
All directions are they fleeing!”
“Into the streams the routed rush!
Bleeding, shouting, crying,
The streams go on with sullen hush,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Their blood the waters dyeing!"

Now the guests fall back from the door,--

Silently, out the troupe has gone,
And the Chief is now left alone!

In attempting to leave, a form
With flashing sword obstructs the door;

Lifting high his mighty arm!
"Who art thou?" he loudly calls!

"Answer! or my sword falls
On thy rash and reckless head!"

"I am Knighthood's ghost," she then said;
"And I for years have been thought dead:
In a Grecian camp I was born,
And 'mong the Muses made my home;
After the war with the Trojan

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

I made my way to ancient Rome,
In courts and camps there long I dwelt;
But when Rome to Tyranny knelt,
A roaming Spirit I became
And made my way to France and Spain;
When Chivalry they too forsook,
Across the sea my flight I took.

When her revolution had come,
America became my home;
In heroes breasts I long dwelt here,
Then westward to the border, where
Chivalry on the prairies bloomed,—
And Tyranny, I knew was doomed.”

“Thus I to the Alamo came;—

My body on that altar slain,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

As a ghost soon did rise again!
And thus from that funeral pyre
Where sainted souls went up in fire,
I ascended to Heaven's gate
Where Peter doth the valiant wait;

Just one drop of the martyr blood
There, on Freedom's altar poured,
Instantly did my entrance gain!
But not long there could I remain!"
For when my story there I told,
All the saints their breath did hold,
Until incarnate I was made
And sent to earth with this good blade
To meet thee at San Jacinto!"
And now no more you need to know!"
The Phantom departs from the door,—

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

And Santa Anna leaves the floor
For his room, a conquered man,
His conscience has unnerved his hand!"

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

VIII

THE BATTLE

A battle may not be written in verse!

And prose, sometimes, is even worse;

A battle can never be fought with words!

Enter the field with guns or swords!

Fighting like fashion has undergone change,
Ardour has cooled with length of range!

Now it is all by machinery done,
Not so, when our nation was young!

Men loved then the sound of battle,
The roll of drum and the sabre's rattle,

And its joy was never complete
Until the blood ran red under their feet.

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

April twenty-first, it was fair;
The Mexican troops early are
Up, and hastening to prepare
For the struggle they know is near;
Houston too doth early appear
To see the field where the fight must be;
Deaf Smith,—the scout has come in, he
To the Mexican camp has been
Their forces and equipment seen,—
A thousand troops in camp today,
Five hundred more are on their way.
Randolph Ball has just discerned
How the bayou bridge may be burned,—
Then other help is all shut out
And the fierce foes are both shut in:
So to the bridge he sends his scout,
And "Get ready!" says to his men.

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Santa Anna now reinforced,
Just fifteen hundred troops commands;
Half this number, by waters inclosed,
The forlorn hope of Texas stands.

At three o'clock the Texans "form Parade,"
And a speech by the Chief is made;
Said he, "Our enemy is caught,
And the fight for freedom must now be fought;"

Then added he, "The odds are great,
Our valor must the bá lance make,
For each of us two of the foe must fall;
If this number includes not all
Men are here equal of the foe to five,
At close of day leave none alive
That stand as foes to Texan liberty!
You, to my good sword, may charge ten!
Now can I count on you, my valiant men?"

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Then to the front bold Sherman came,
His own brave purpose to proclaim,
He from his breast a kerchief drew—
Stained with the red those brave men knew,
"This cloth stained with our Bowie's blood,
I'll wear on the hilt of my sword!
Whilst a foe on the field I find,
I will not sheath this sword of mine!"

From the cavalry spoke Lamar;
"Here is a lock of Travis' hair!
'Twas taken from his manly brow
On the field of the Alamo!
And by this blood-stained lock I vow!
That rest and food I will not know
Till we avenge The Alamo!"

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

"Now does another wish to speak?"
Asked Houston! "Stepping bold and quick,
To the front came young Randolph Ball;
Fierce he looked, erect and tall,—
Said he, "Here is great Travis' sword!
It is stained with his own rich blood;
I vow to never sheath this blade
Till that dark host their truce have made!"

Then Deaf-Smith his hat did lift;
"Now just one word give me my Chief!
No more of speeches do we need!
But to the front we pray you lead!
And as we charge upon the foe
Remember all! The Alamo."

*** *** *** ***

“FAIRE SITS HIS STEED WITH EASY GRACE”



THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

All now turn and closely listen
For what the General may say!
His quick eye sweeps from heel to crown,
A manner stern he doth assume—
Faire, sits his steed with easy grace,
And calmly looks in Houston's face;
Like to a knight of old he seems,
As by his side his light sword gleams—

A uniform of navy blue,
A jaunty cap of darker hue!
On its crest a plume of white,
With silver spurs polished bright;
On his lip, moustache dark and soft,—
Short-trimmed beard adorns his chin,
Full rounded breast, with features thin!

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

His chestnut steed with head erect,
The battle storm seems to detect,
With nostril wide and flashing eye
Over the field he fain would fly!

With whisper soft and stroking smoothe
The restless steed young Faire doth soothe,
And his fiery temper tames;
Admiring, Houston thus exclaims!

"I, at once, a courier need!
A fearless man with swiftest steed!
Will you enter the field by my side?"
Said Faire, "That's where I'd like to ride!"
"Then take this order to Lamar!
Bid him his battle line prepare!
And charge when the infantry brake!
On the centre, bid Hockley open fire!"

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Like lightning down the line went Faire,
His red sash floating on the air.
Then to Burleson the leader said;
"Forward, your division lead;
Charge promptly in the wake
That the 'Twin-Sisters' make!"
Now from the right doth roll the smoke
That tells the battle has begun;
'Twas the voice of Liberty spoke,
From those Twin-Sister guns.
Those crashing shells on the centre,
Where Burleson's troops seek to enter;
The road to victory show.
At double-quick his brave men go!
Shouting, "Remember Alamo!"

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

The Mexican lines torn by shells,
And frightened by those awful yells,
Wildly fire, but above the foe,
Over their heads the bullets go;
Though only a few Texans fall,
Houston was struck first of all!
But he, though conscious of the blow
Unto his men no sign would show,
On did he rush with shattered limb—
Nothing now could stop him!

Across the field came Francis Faire,
As a meteor's flash
Streamed his red sash!
As in storm seems a snow-white sail,
So Houston's face,—is drawn and pale;
Faire sees the blood o'erflow his shoe

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

And well knows why this ashen hue!
On Houston's reins he lays his hand,
And whispers Rusk to take command!
By mild control compelled to yield,
On bleeding horse he leaves the field.

When to the tent he was carried,
Not long there the courier tarried,
With the surgeon must he remain,
But Faire is off to the field again!

Santa Anna the field now reaches,
Crowding men into the breaches!
Around their Chief they fight like fiends,
Whilst the red blood runs down in streams;
But the Texans yell like giants mad!
"Remember Fannin and Goliad!"

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Their hands firm on their daggers rest!
They drive them deep in neck and breast,
And as the spouting blood doth flow,
They cry, "Remember Alamo!"

This wild cry terror brings,
And calls up many awful things,
Avenging conscience's fiery stings
They feel, piercing their craven hearts!

Faire is fighting near the flag,
Where the Mexican lines bend and sag!
Though white with foam his steed,
For whip or spur there is no need!

As a beast that is gored,
The foes fall by his sword,
Whilst his unerring ball

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

To his foe is fate's loud call.
Hands up, do quickly go,
When he cries, "This, for Alamo!"
Louder than the battle's roar,
Rending like the tusk of boar,
Piercing hearts with memories sore,
Slaying more than slashing swords;
Sound those fearful, tragic words—
"Remember Alamo!"

Mark the hand of the man
Stained red with blood of braves!
Feeble his fight, and swift his flight!
Daring the water's waves,—
Through a boiling bath he'd go
To cleanse his mind of Alamo!"
Ring wild the cry!

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Let the words fly!
O'er the field and through the air!
Deeper than the Bowie knife,
Searching for the craven's life!
Where shells and bullets cannot go,
Ring out the cry, of Alamo!

Look along that cavalry line;
Fighting like a host divine!
Was ever battle half so fine?
See how their red swords fly!
For each stroke one must die,—
Rider and horse rushing go!
Why these men fighting so?
They too, REMEMBER ALAMO!"

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Through the centre press Burleson's troops,—
The right wing severed, in great groups
They are carried to the rear;
Full four hundred are captured here.
On the left the troops of Lamar
With fury charge, and everywhere
The terrified Mexicans flee;
Captured, down on their knees they go,
Pleading, "No Goliad, no Alamo!"

Now many to the bayou go,
Expecting a bridge to see,
But only smoke and ashes show
Where a bridge used to be.
Now in the swamps, screaming, crying,
Their dreadful crime still denying,
And yet their guilt more plainly show

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

In the, "No Goliad, no Alamo!"
Old Santa sought the bridge to find;
Perhaps with fright he lost his mind!
Giving his horse the cruel lash
Into the bog and mire they dash,
The other bank Old Santa gains,
But in the mire his horse remains!

*** *** *** ***

By the stream doth a sea gull stand,

 Bleeding,—with broken wing,
Thus Nature bleeds for sins of man!

 Oh! dark mysterious thing!
Though darkness shrouds the gory field,

 Voices of Night doth cry!

As funeral bells once did peal

 When a loved friend did die!

From smoke-wreathed crests the antelope,

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

With thirst-burned eyes both panting look!
And turns again to fire-scorched plain,—
Nor dares he taste the blushing brook.

From a dead tree, an owl hoots over-head,
The rim of heaven such voice might shake!
But the dreamless sleep of this day's dead
No voice of earth, Alas! can wake.

*** *** *** ***

Every voice proclaims disaster,
Riderless horse and dying master,
Every wave is running faster,
Lest the winds should rush in past her.

Now the turtles and frogs leave the water,
Climbing logs to see the slaughter!
Cattle in the camps mooing and lowing,
Hucksters' teams at full-speed going.

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THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

By Houston's tent late in the night
When only ghosts and phantoms fight,
Fate brings together now this pair,
Young Randolph Ball and Francis Faire!
 Of early memories long they talk;
 Of life's uneven walk—
How Providence directs our ways—
 Through mysterious days.

All human voices now are still,
The howl of the wolf on the hill,
With Plaintive note of whip-poor-will,
The splash of waters in the bay
Where crockodiles fight for their prey.
 Loud thunders rolling o'er the plain,
 Like nature's groan with bowel-pain;
Over all that dismal note

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

From the blood-smelling panther's throat.

"What," cries Faire, "Can all of this mean?"

"The wail of Tyranny,"

Said Ball, "All now to Liberty

Surrender, thus tonight!

Tomorrow the triumph of right."

"Yet there is one thing more," said Faire!

"Phantom forms still walk the air,

And peace on earth there cannot be

Whilst Santa Anna still is free!"

"Again with the light let us try,

We'll let no spot escape the eye!

For in this fight well I know

Are the restless ghosts of the Alamo!"

Next morning far up the bayou

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Rode Randolph Ball and Francis Faire,
In grasses tall, by deep ditch side,
Where craven hearts would seek to hide,—
They find at last the wretched man,
From shame and fear too weak to stand!
Through the deep bogs and miry swamp
He is taken to Sam Houston's camp!

Now the bells of Liberty peal,
And Freedom's thrill all nations feel,
The Gulf grows calm and fogs rise high,
As the lace-like clouds kiss the sky;
Mirth and joy touch everything,
And Nature smiles with flush of Spring.
The flowers their fresh fragrance bring
And birds begin again to sing.

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

This story must tell one thing more,
Santa Anna at Houston's door
Sees the handsome Cadet Faire,
Who goes for dinner to prepare,—
Shaves his face and dresses his hair,
Whom, when again the Tyrant sees
There's trembling in his hands and knees,
And from his breast there comes a groan,
For in Faire's face he sees the crone
Who did his awful fate disclose,
That made him cringe before his foes!

The gallant Burleson, it is said,
When peace with Mexico was made,
A Spanish lady married,—
And his bride to Austin carried,
But she was not Spanish at all!

THE MAID OF THE ALAMO, OR

Her maiden name was Alice Ball.

*** *** ***

In a quiet villa, mid shade trees tall,
Where green hills gently slope
Down to the swift gliding Guadalupe,
Watching our star of glory rise
Into the nation's starlit skies,
Telling of triumph and defeat
To children gathered at his feet,
Whilst they laugh, whoop and shout;
This is Houston's favourite scout.

When heroes of earth to Heaven are come
And scattered hosts are gathered home,
No nobler Knight among them all
Will then be there than Randolph Ball!

*** *** *** ***

THE INCARNATION OF CHIVALRY.

Now, looking on this nation's woe,
A kindly feeling let us show
For ill-fated Mexico!

Since our fathers have paid the debt
Of the Alamo, long ago,
On the San Jacinto.



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